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A

NARRAITVE

OF THE LIFE OF

SOLOMON MACK,

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE MANY SEVERE ACCIDENTS HE MET WITH DURING A LONG SERIES OF YEARS,

TOGETHER WITH

THE EXTRAORDINARY MANNER IN WHICH HE WAS CONVERTED TO THE

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A NUMBER HYMNS COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF SEVERAL OF HIS

RELATIONS.

WINDSOR.

PRINTED AT THE EXPENCE OF THE

AUTHOR.

I, SOLOMON MACK, was born in Connecticut, in the town of Lime near the mouth of Connecticut River, September 26, 1735. My parents (Ebenezer and Hannah Mack,) Ebenezer Mack departed this life in 1777. He went to the door to fetch in a back-log, and returned after a fore-ſtick and inſtantly droped down dead on the floor. You may ſee by this our lives are dependant on a ſumpreme and independant God. Hannah Mack departed this life in 1796, with a long ſit of ſickneſs, ſhe experienced the power of God from an early age, with all the good morals of life, and inſtructing the youth for about thirty years. She died rejoicing and wiſhing her laſt moments to come. Rejoicing ſhe went home to meet her Father in the realms of eternal bliſs.

My parents had a large property, and lived in good ſtyle; from various misfortunes, and the more complicated evils attendant on the depravity of the ſons of men, my parents became poor, and when I was four years old, the family, then conſiſting of five children, were obliged to diſperſe and throw themſelves upon the mercy of an unfeeling and evil world. I was bound out to a farmer in the neighborhood. As is too commonly the caſe, I was rather conſidered as a ſlave than a member of the family, and, inſtead of allowing me the privilege of common hoſpitality, and a claim to

that kind protection due to the helpleſs and indigent children, I was treated by my Maſter as his property and not as his fellow mortal; he taught me to work, and was very careful that I ſhould have little or no reſt. From labour he never taught me to read or ſpoke to me at all on the ſubject of religion. His whole attention was taken up on the purſuits of the good things of this world; wealth was his ſupreme object. I am afraid gold was his God, or rather he never converſed on any other ſubject, and I muſt ſay he lived without God in the world, and to all appearance God was not in his thoughts.

I lived with this man (whoſe name, for many reaſons, I did not think proper to mention) until I was 21 years of age lacking 2 months, when a difficulty took place between me and my maſter, which terminated in our ſeparation atthat time. I, however, at his requeſt returned and fulfiled the indenture; which in conſequence of being frequently abuſed, I had found my indentures in my maſters cuſtody, and I burnt them. My miſtreſs was afraid of my commencing a ſuit againſt them, ſhe took me aſide and told me I was ſuch a fool we could not learn you. I was totally ignorant of Divine Revelation; or any thing appertaining to the chriſtian religion. I was never taught even the principles of common morality, and fec t no obligation with regard to ſociety; and was born

as others, like the wild aſſ's colt. I met with many ſore accidents during the years of my minority.

I had a terrible fever ſore on my leg, which had well nigh proved fatal to my life, which it ſeems was occaſioned by a ſcald that terminated in a ſevere fit of ſickneſs. In theſe trials my maſter was very kind to me, he procured the beſt phyſicians & ſurgeons, and provided every thing neceſſary for my comfort, all which, as I ſuppoſe that he might again reap the benefit of my labour, for although it was thought for a time that I could not live ; yet my maſter never ſpoke to me of death, judgment or eternity, nor did he ever to my recollection diſcover that he himſelf had any idea that he was made to die, or that he had here no continuing city, or ever thought of ſeeking one to come.

Soon after I left my maſter, I enliſted in the ſervice of my country, under the command of Capt. Henry, and was annexed to a regiment commanded by Col. Whiting. I marched from Connecticut to Fort Edwards ; there was a ſevere battle fought at the half way brook, in the year 1755.

I had been out a long ſcout, and I cought a bad cold and was taken ſick, and remained ſo all the reſt of the winter, and in the ſpring 1756, I was carried to Albany in a waggon, where I ſaw 5 men hung at one time. I remained ſick the biggeſt part of the ſummer. I went

to Lime and purchaſed a farm—in the year 1757, I muſtered two teams in the King's ſervice for one ſeaſon. I then went to Stillwater with the General's baggage One morning I went out to yoke up as uſual, and found there was three of my oxen miſſing, the officer was ſo angry that he drew his ſword to run me through; but immediately exclaimed, get thee out three of any you can find; which I according y did. Then I went on with the baggage and arrived at Fort Edward, then I returned back after my oxen; when I got about half way I eſpied at about thirty rods diſtance, four Indians coming out of the woods with their tomma-hawks, ſcalping-knives and guns. I was alone, but about twenty rods behind me there was a man by the name of Webſter. I ſaw no other way to ſave myſelf only to deceive them by ſtratagem—I exclaimed like this—*Ruſh on! ruſh on! Brave Boys, we'll have the Devils! we'll have the Devils!*—I had no other weapon only a ſtaff; but I ran towards them and the other man appearing in ſight, gave them a terrible fright, and I ſaw them no more, but I am bound to ſay the graſs did not grow under my feet.

I haſtened to Stillwater and found my oxen; the ſame night I returned back through the woods, alone; which was about ſeven miles, the next morning I was ready to go on my journey again. From thence I went to Lake

George. I followed teaming the remainder of the ſeaſon, but by accident I was taken with the ſmall pox at Albany. I entruſted a man to convey my teams to Litchfield, and gave him 15 dollars for his ſervices. But inſtead of doing as he agreed, he went twenty miles & ſold one team, then went a ſhort diſtance and left the other. But after I regained my health I went and bought them again and returned to Lime.

Soon after I enliſted under Major Spencer, in 1758, and went over the Lakes. There was a ſevere battle fought, Lord Howe was killed, his bowels were taken out and were buried, his body was embalmed and carried to England.

The next day we marched to the breſt-works and were obliged to retreat with the loſs of five hundred killed and as many more wounded; but I eſcaped very narrowly by a muſket ball paſſing under my chin, perhaps within half an inch of my neck. In this rencountre I had no reflection only that I thought I had by my good luck eſcaped a narrow ſhot. The army returned back to Lake George. A large ſcouting party of the enemy came round by Skeenesborough, at the half-way brook, and cut off a large number of our men and teams. One thouſand of our men ſet out to go to Skeenesborough after the enemy, five hundred of them were ſent back, and juſt as we got to South-Bay the enemy got out of our reach.—

the enemy went to Ticonderoga & got recruited, they then came after us, we ſcouted by Wood-Creek. On the 13th day we got to Fort Ann. The centery came and told me that the enemy was all around us. Major Putnam led out the party, Maj. Rogers bro't up the rear; marched in an Indian path three quarters of a mile—the Indians lay in a half-moon; Major Putnam went through their ranks; they fired upon us—Major Putnam was taken and tied to a tree, and an Indian would have killed him had it not been for a French Lieut. who reſcued his life—the enemy roſe like a cloud and fired a volley upon us, and my being in the front brought me into the rear—I turned little to the right—the tomahawks and bullets flying around my ears like hail ſtones, and as I was running, I ſaw a great wind fall little forward, which ſeemed impoſſible for me or any other man to mount, but over I went, and as I ran I looked little one ſide, where I ſaw a man wounded, (the Indians cloſe to him) who immediately, with my help, got into the circle. Gerſhom Bowley had nine bullets ſhot thro' his clothes and remained unhurt. Enſign Worceſter had nine wounds, ſcalped and tomahawked, who lived and got well.

The battle commenced in the morning and continued until 3 o'clock, when they left us. We gathered our dead and wounded up in a ring; there was half of our men killed and

wounded and taken, we sent to Fort Edward for relief to help carry our wounded, it being 80 in number, we made biers to carry them, many of whom died on the passage, the distance being 14 miles.

I was almost beat out, but I went to Albany after stores and returned to the army.—From thence I went home, it being in the fall, and tarried through the winter.

In the spring, 1754, I set out on another campaign. I went to Crown Point, and there I set up a sutler's shop which I kept two years, by means of a clerk I employed for that purpose, not knowing myself how to write, or read, to any amount, what others had written, or printed. I lost my Clerk, and not being able properly to adjust accounts, lost what I had accumulated by hard industry for several years, all for the want of youthful education.

After leaving the army I accumulated, by industry, a handsome sum of silver and gold, with it I purchased, in the town of Granville, sixteen hundred acres of land and paid for it on delivery of the deed, but besides I was to clear a small piece of land on each right and build a log house; but previous to this I married in the year 1761.

I then proceeded into the back country to clear me a farm, soon after I began to work in the woods, but unfortunately cut my leg and lay under the Doctors care the whole season,

which coſt me a large ſum and well nigh took my life. I underwent every thing but death, but thought nothing of the hand that inflicted the chaſtiſement. My family arrived, and we were in the wilderneſs and could do no buſineſs. Previous to this, however, I freighted a veſſel and went to New-York, where I ſold my cargo extremely high and returning was overtaken by a gale of wind, my veſſel was much damaged; but we made ſhift and got to Long-Iſland, and there we left the veſſel.

I arrived at home ſometime in the winter, poor enough, the veſſel did not arrive till the next ſpring. Afterwards I broke my wriſt, with which I had a great deal of pain and expence; for a long time I was unable to do any labour. Though I ſtill ſought to make myſelf great and happy, in the way I was educated, the Lord would not ſuffer me to proſper. I was not yet diſcouraged. Soon after I went to Moudus and learnt of my brother-in-law how to make Salt-Petre; though being a cripple I went to Old Springfield and Long Meadows, to ſhow them the art of making Salt Petre. I was ſent for from town to town, my wages was one dollar per day; this was in our revolutionary war. I then enliſted into the American army. I ſoon muſtered two teams and carried baggage to Skeenesborough, I afterwards enliſted into a company of artillery for a ſhort Campaign; but on my return home

I was taken ſick, as ſoon as I recovered I went to ſee my ſon; he was cutting trees, when unfortunately a tree fell on me and cruſhed me almoſt all to pieces; beat the breath out of my body, my ſon took me up for dead, I however ſoon recovered, but have not to this day recovered the uſe of my limbs, which was 34 years ago. I lay ſixty days on my back and never moved or turned to one ſide or the other, the skin was worn off my backfrom one end to the other. I was then taken by ſix men in a ſheet and moved, from time to time, for ſixty or ſeventy days more; when I was able to walk by the help of crutches. I had a man to work in a ſaw-mill, it got out of order, I hobbled down to ſhow him how to mend it, and by accident I fell on the water-wheel, and bruiſed me moſt horribly. I was indeed helpleſs, & in dreadful pain; confined month after month, unable to help myſelf, but at laſt I was reſtored to health; but being deſtitute of property, and without my natural ſtrength to get my bread, with a young and dependent family whoſe daily wants were increaſing, and none to adminiſter relief. But ſtrange to relate and unaccountable as it may appear to a thinking mind, I never once thought on the God of my ſalvation, or looked up to him for bleſſing or protection; I was ſtupid and thoughtleſs.—

Owing to my misfortune I could not attend to my contract at Granville, ſo I loſt all

my land; however I regained my ſtrength ſo I could walk a little and ride ſide-ways. Soon after this I was wounded by a limb falling from a tree upon my head, which again nearly deprived me of life. I was carried in wholly unable to help myſelf. I, however, recovered again; I can ſay like this, "the time of my departure was not yet come, and there was yet more trouble for me to paſs through."

I afterwards was taken with a fit, when travelling, with an ax under my arm, on Wincheſter hills, the face of the land was covered with ice. I was ſenſeleſs from one, until five P. M. when I came to myſelf I had my ax ſtill under my arm, I was all covered with blood and much cut & bruiſed. When I came to my ſenſes I could not tell where I had been, nor where I was going; but by good luck I went right and arrived at the firſt houſe, was under the Doctor's care all the winter. In the next place I fell ſeven large trees againſt another, and very imprudently went to cut away the prop;—when ſuddenly the whole fell together, and I in the midſt of them, this time I remained unhurt; but thought nothing of the power that protected me, (blind as ever.)

Soon after I, and my two ſons went out a privateering, we ſhip't aboard a privateer of 114 tons, commanded by Capt. Havens, there was about eighty men on board, we

were chaſed by five Britiſh privateers; they drove us in upon Horſe-neck, where we got ſome of our guns on ſhore; we brought them to bear upon the enemy, we exchanged a great many ſhots; they ſhattered our veſſel and cut away our rigging. The next day our officers went up into town, and five repaired our veſſel—then hauld off from the wharf—then caſt anchor—every man on board went to their reſt except myſelf in the month of March and very ſoon I eſpied two Row-gallies, two ſloops two ſchooners; I rallied all hands on deck; they quick obeyed and we weighed anchor; then hauld by the ſide of the wharf but had only time to get two cannon out on the point of land, and two on the ſtearn of the veſſel; this engagement began in the morning—the enemy gave us a broad ſide and where the bullets ſtruck it had the appearance of a furrow made by a plough. Staddles in gun ſhot was all cut aſunder; one of the Row-gallies went round the point of land to hem us in, and they had near ran aground, but with our ſmall arms we killed forty of the enemy. We ſent our cabin boys up to a houſe near the ſhore with a wounded man. Juſt as the boys entered the door there came an eighteen pounder into the houſe, and the woman was fryingcakes over the fire, Says the woman to the boys, take the cakes, and I will go down cellar. By our killing ſo many of the enemy they thought proper to

leave us, pleaſed enough at the ſight; for if we had been taken what would our puniſhment have been——but I thought nothing of futurity, which if I had conſidered a moment and viewed a watery grave already made, it appears as if I muſt have ſhuddered at the thought, my God muſt have given me ſome warnings of my danger, but if he did his calls I would not harken to. The devil had great hold on me and I ſerved him well, but the Lord was with me——yes, he has ſupported me to this day through trials and fatigues, but now I feel to ſing praiſes with the celeſtial bands above.—How thankful my friends I am to join with chriſtian friends now in my old age; but I muſt leave this ſubject.

Next we hoiſted ſail and made for New-London. After the war we freighted a veſſel and went to Liverpool and ſold our loading and ſhipt aboard Capt Foſter's and went a fiſhing voyage, and ſo I went two voyage, and the third voyage I was in the cabin when I heard a rout on deck, I ſprang up as quick as poſſible and there being a terrible hurricane as ever I ſaw in my life both maſts was carried overboard and if they had not we muſt all have found watery graves; we ought to have been thankful and bleſs the Lord for it. Our capt. and all hands appeared to be greatly ſurpriſed but we was all ſpared through the tempeſt, we ought to be thankful to our God for a few moments

for repentance; but we thought nothing of these things.

The hands all left her but myself and my son; we stuck fast by the hull, and that night we caught 25 large fish; but by jury masts we worked her into Liverpool—we went on board another vessel and sailed for Halifax; meanwhile capt. Foster repaired his schooner and proceeded to Halifax and there he found me; I bought his vessel and by good fortune I was able to pay the whole purchase except eight pounds. I then took a freight and went to St. John's, and on our return to Halifax we were overtaken by a gale of wind and well nigh lost all hands, vessel and cargo. We however made for Mount desert and obtained it; I was very uneasy about my property, but thought of nothing else. We repaired our vessel and returned to Halifax; this was the first of January, such a day I never saw before nor since; nothing but confusion; almost every sailor was intoxicated, myself amongst the rest. After I came to myself I reflected a little on such conduct; resolving to amend from such practices, but soon I forgot amidst the bustle of the world.

The next day I sailed up the bay of Funday and wintered at Hawton there I made an agreement to take thirty passengers on board (at eight dollars per head) and carried them to New-London and brought them back again in

the ſpring ; ſo I retutned to Halifax and took in a freight of dry goods, and again ſailed for Hawton ; on our paſſage we ſtruck on a reef and employed other ſmall veſſels to take her loading and carry it to Liverpool harbour and ſecure it ; and then I informed the ſundry owners of the circumſtance ; but I ſoon got my veſſel off again, but it coſt me one dollar an hour for each man. The coſt being ſo much, I was obliged to ſell her to defray the expences. Again I was left deſtitute of property.

I had by this time recovered my health, and was not willing to return empty. I immediately went to work and again obtained the ſame veſſel by honeſt induſtry. My next buſineſs was to follow coaſting, but late in the fall I landed at ſalem and was taken very ſick ; I lay there ſome weeks when I recovered, and returned to my family after an abſence of four years, in which time I had not heard from them. I had very little property and my family had been turned out of doors on account of placing confidence in thoſe that I took to be my friends, but by unjuſt dealing they took hundreds of dollars of my property. When I went from home, I owed John Cordy at Lime, one hundred dollars, Nathaniel Peck of Lime owed me one hundred dollars ; he gave me a note ; I gave that note to John Cordy to pay that debt. Nathaniel Peck went to ſea and died. John Cordy adminiſter upon Nathaniel

Peck's Eſtate. Mr. Cordy got juſt D.26,66 of his debt; Mr Cordy came up here and aſked me if I would let his brother Samuel take the note, I gave him leave. I then drove two yoke of oxen to Samuel M. Cordy Surry.—— Thoſe oxen with the D.26,66 paid the debt. John Cordy at Lime did not know it, and on his death bead he willed me half of the ſaid debt (his widdow and ſon ſigned the will) likewiſe when I was at ſea Samuel M. Cordy got all the writings and turned my family out of doors.

This I can prove by Abiſha Tubbes, Eſq.—— Kind reader, look at the nature of mankind, what they will do for ſilver and gold, but after all this earth, hard labor and perplexity of mind, I had won nothing and the beſt of my days were paſt and gone and had to begin entirely anew. I now thought all was gone, and I did not care whether I lived or died, but however, I went to work and ſhifted from plan to plan till at length I moved to Tunbridge in Vermont, on my paſſage, I undertook driving cattle, but by accident, I fell and broke my wriſt. I walked eight miles before I could get it ſet, by that time I had gained ſome property, altho I was all this time a cripple and afflicted with broken bones, and ſore ſickneſſes, and ſome fits. To add to all the reſt, I became bail for a number of people, and all that I was bondman for, and took all I had, I had to pay

every farthing, and it reduced me to poverty again. in advanced age without the means of hireing or any one to relieve our wants. Who is able or willing to bear our burden.

A few particulars which were forgotten. As I was passing through Woodstock, a number of troopers rode by in haste struck my side, my horse run and I imediately fell backwards and almost was killed, and I did not recover for a number of months. At another time I fell and broke my shoulder. At another time at Hawton, I was riding in the road a boy in making his obeisance, started my horse and I fell to the ground and was much bruised. At another time at Royalton, my horse fell and through the mercy of God my life was spared and not much hurt; at another time I fell in a fit at Tunbridge. and was supported for the benefit of my soul and others; in the fall of the year 1810. in the 76th year of my age, I was taken with the Rheumatism and confined me all winter in the most extreme pain for most of the time, I under affliction and dispensation of providence. at length began to consider my ways and found myself destitute of knowledge to extole me to enquire. I thought on the best that in recorded in the 11th Chapter of Matthew, and 28th to the 30th verses came to my mind. I asked my wife whether those words were in the Bible or not, she told me they were; that gave me a shock, & very uneasy I was not

knowing where they were. I began to search the bible, but often before this I had trials, but I would not hearken, I had practically said unto God, depart from me I desire not the knowledge of thy ways I had all my days set at naught his councils and words I often slighted till an advanced age, but now I experienced personal deliverance, yet I had all these number of years been totally blind to the things that belonged to my peace. I had fears and put up prayers before God in this situation, I had incurred, as I thought the denunciation, I will pour out my fury upon the heathen and upon the families that call not on my name.

My mind was imagining, but agitated. I imagned many things; it seemed to me that I saw a bright light in a dark night, when contemplating on my bed which I could not account for, but I thought I heard a voice calling to me again I thougt I saw another light of the same kind, all which I considered as ominous of my own dissolution. I was in distress that sleep departed from my eyes and I literally watered my pillow with tears that I prayed eagerly that God would have mercy on me, that he would relieve me and open the eyes of my understanding and enable me to call on him as I ought. It brought passages of scripture to my mind, those particular Christ's lamentations over Jerusalem struck me very forcibly to think that often the Lord had

called; & I was ſtuborn & would not, therefore I left deſolate, the whole force of the ſcripture ſeemed to be out againſt me as far as I could learn; my wife was my only inſtructor; I had never read the bible; nor had I any knowledge of it; could only reccollect ſome taught parts, ſuch as I had heard and laid up for the purpoſe of ridicuing religious inſtitutions and characters. I however had my intention; I beleive theſe things have turned to my advantage, but I hope and truſt I found mercy; I do believe that God did appear for me and took me out of the horrible pit and mirey clay, and ſet my feet on the rock of Chriſt Jeſus—— Bleſſed be the name of Jehovah that I have reaſon to hope that I have found him of whom the prophets did write and that he has told me all things that ever I did; has enabled me to caſt my burthen on the Lord, and to believe that he will ſuſtain me, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

A few words upon the Univerſal principle— I have experienced it through the early part of my life, but I ſay it was like building on ſand. A certain learned man built ſeven years upon it, but upon his death bed he damned the principle, and made this reply, "I ſhall be damned to all eternity for this principal." He went out of the world ſmiting his fiſts almoſt in deſpair, and I having no learning thinking of him

who made me believe it would deceive me. I have tried and reached much after property, and several times obtained it, but by misfortunes, time after time I lost it- I at length got wholly discouraged of trying to lay up on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal, which put me to thinking something of death and eternity till I thought myself almost a Christian, and was so religious that I once went to talk with a sick man on his death bed. But if the Lord had taken me away with such false hopes, I should have been miserable to all eternity (this is Universalists that I am speaking of) this will not answer ; deceived man and woman. Last fall I was again almost a christian, but I found it would not answer to depend on such foundation. Those verses still run in my mind, Mathew, the 11th Chapter and 28th, 29th verses, come unto me all ye that labour and are hevy laden and I will give you rest ; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burthen is light.

I was so stupid that I did not know whether these words were in the Bible or not ; I asked my wife and she told me they were, and where they were, I then discovered how ignorant and stupid I had been even to a great age, and I saw what offers of mercy I had ; but I slighted

them, it brought to my mind Christ's sayings in St. Mathew, 23d Chapt. and 37th verse, O Jerusalem thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not. Reader you may think I was in great distress; I could not sleep and took to reading, I was distressed to think how I had abused the sabbath and had not taken warning from my wife. About midnight I saw a light about a foot from my face as bright as fire, the doors were all shut and no one stiring in the house, I thought by this that I had but a few moments to live, and O! what distress I was in; I prayed that the Lord would have mercy on my soul and deliver me from this horrible pit of sin. I thought myself that I had been such a vile wretch that the Lord would not have mercy on me, and I thought as I had slighted so many warnings from my companion, and so abused the sabbath; but I preceived my body and soul was in danger; oh! reader you may think I was in distress.

Another night soon after I saw another light as bright as the first, at a small distance from my face, and I thought I had but a few moments to live, and not sleeping nights, and reading, all day I was in misery; well you may think I was in distress, soul and body. At another time, in the dead of the night I was called

by my christian name, I arise up to answer to my name. The doors all being shut and the house still, I thought the Lord called, and I had but a moment to live. Oh what a vile wretch I had been. I prayed to the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I called upon the Lord the greatest part of the winter, and towards spring it was reviving and light shined into my soul. I have often thought that the lights which I saw were to show me what a situation I was in, I had slighted his calls and invitations and warnings from my companion, and what a sandy foundation I was on. The calls, I believe, were for me to return to the Lord who would have mercy on me.

All the winter I was laid up with the rheumatism, so that my wife was obliged to help me to bed and up again, but in the spring the Lord appeared to be with me, but for my own satisfaction, I thought like this as I was setting one evening by the fire, I prayed to the Lord, if he was with me that I might know it by this token—that my pains might all be eased for that night; and blessed be the Lord, I was entirely free from pain that night, and I rejoiced in the God of my salvation, and found Christ's promises verified that what things soever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive, and found that Christ would fulfil all his promises, and not one jot or tittle would fail; and the Lord so shined light into my soul that every

thing appeared new and beautiful. Oh how I loved my neighbors; how I loved my enemies —I could pray for them; every thing appeared delightful. The love of Christ is beautiful; there is more satisfaction to be taken in the enjoyment of Christ one day, than in half a century serving our master, the devil. You that have children under your care, that have no parents, when you put any thing upon them to do, consider them as your own, that when death overtakes you, you need not fear their apparitions appearing in your sight, for tyranny and misusage of the fatherless and motherless. Time will come when we shall all be called for, sooner or later, when money cannot buy our breath one moment. Parents, a little caution how to train up your children in the sight of the Lord. Never bid them to do any thing that is out of their power, nor promise them only what you mean to fulfil; set good examples in word, deed and action. We aged parents have a Father to go to and to guide us if we will but obey and hearken to his calls. How often we hear, but do not obey him; but why? because we will say there is time enough yet, and I have something more to attend to of my worldly business. But how, am I bringing up my children in the fear of the Lord? I answer no, but in all manner of evils, sabbath breaking, lying, swearing, &c. giving them no counsels from the command of

our God. Bleſs the riſing generation with his outpouring from corner to corner. I invite you to hearken to the calls that often preſſes into your minds, and put it not away for another day. I give you a weak advice, I am almoſt brought to the ground with ſore accidents and greatly advanced in years. I always lived in ſin, an enemy to God till in my ſeventy ſixth year—then I began to hearken to theſe calls—made alive through the bleſſedneſs of Chriſt—reconciled to God. Oh! my friends, what views I had—the love I had to God and my fellow mortals, I cannot expreſs.

The remainder of my days, I mean to ſpend in my father's ſervice though a poor cripple, cannot get on or off my horſe without help—I have a love to all rich and poor, kings and nobles, black and white come all to Jeſus my friends, come to Jeſus and he will in no wiſe caſt you off; oh! come come, how ſweet is the love to Jeſus—how beautiful is the love of God. This invitation is from my heart to hear of your repenting and turning to my God. Take no pattern from me for I would not harken till I arrived to advanced age—ſwared from time to time; now I have a love for your ſouls; now liſten to me, though like a child, but ſhun that path that I uſed to walk in——this is the prayer of SOLOMON MACK.

HYMNS,

COMPOSED AND SELECTED ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

MY friends I am on the ocean,
So sweetly do I sail;
Jesus he is my portion,
He's given me a pleasant gale.

The bruises sore,
In harbour soon I'll be,
And see my redeemer there,
That died for you and me.

Psalm for deliverance from great distress.

I WAITED patient on the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry,
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

He raisd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,

And from my bonds releaſ'd my feet,
Deep bonds of mirey clay.

Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful ſong.

I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad;
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear,
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord how great!
Whe have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart;
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

Compoſed by one of my ſiſters, to the family, to remind them of Eternity when I am dead and gone; ſhe aims to ſet forth the willingneſs of Chriſt to recieve ſinners, and her deſire for her children with their companions and grandchildren.

MY Children with their companions dear,
They are my claſs to me they're near,s,
My grandchildren are near to my heart,
Oh! God give them apart.

My Children dear obey the calls,
The invitation is to you all,
Come, oh! come to Jesus' bow,
Accept his invitation now.

For you I'll plead his bleeding veins,
That he would purge away your stains,
Jesus I plead thy atoning blood
To reconcile their souls to God.

Oh! how lovely are his ways,
Hark and hear what Jesus says,
"My father's justice I satisfied for thee,
When I hung bleeding on the tree.

Behold the spear that pierc'd my side,
When for you I freely died;
Come view my bleeding feet and see
The agony I bore for thee.

To save your souls from satan's chains,
I give my body to be slain,
For you I pour the bleeding part,
Sinners now give to me your heart.

Sinners what more could I have done?
I've given my life to ransom yours,
I suffered death upon the cross,
That your poor souls might ne'er be lost.

Now I'm on my father's throne,
I plead the merits of my own,
I plead your sins might be forgiven,
That you might reign with me in Heaven."

Oh ! my God if it could be
I'd bring my children all to thee ;
In haſte I'd come make no delay,
Until I'd borne them all away.

Oh ! I would bear them in my arms,
Where they might view thy bleeding arms ;
Saviour I'd preſs them to thy breaſt,
Their ſouls would find ſweet reſt.

My Children I will tell you now,
The labour I have had for you,
My pillow is witneſs to my tear,
That I have ſhed for my Children dear.

Oft times my heart has been in pain,
That your poor ſouls might be born again,
That you might taſte redeeming love,
And with your parents reign above.

My buſy thoughts my ſpirits cheer
I truſt I have five babes in glory there,
With their golden harps God's praiſes ſing,
Hoſanna to their heavenly king.

Oh ! my glaſs is almoſt run,
'Twill ſoon be ſaid your mother's gone,
Then I muſt bid you all adieu,
With no more groans nor ſighs for you.

I am bound to canaan's land,
I've liſted in Immanuel's band,
Could I be ſure to meet you there,
Joy and peace 'twould give me here.

When my eyes in death are closed,
Remember those lines I have composed:
Harbor no sighs within your breast,
Hope and trust my soul's at rest.

When my corpse in my grave is laid,
Search and see if your peace is made,
Remember the warnings I've given to thee,
Children prepare to follow me.

Now fare you well my children dear,
In the hands of God I leave you here;
In silence I shall call on thee,
Bid you prepare to follow me.

Composed by my sister, on the death of a Grandchild, in the twelfth year of his age.

CHILDREN, with you I feel to mourn;
With you in your present grief,
Our child to us no more return,
In Jesus seek relief.

I trust he's bowing before his throne,
Singing redeeming love,
If it be so prepare to go,
Join with your son above.

If he be to glory gone,
Happy is his employ,
Hosanna there will be his song
Through all eternity.

He's free'd from sorrow grief and pain,
Do no longer weep,

Children you'll meet your ſon again,
When 'wake from his long ſleep.

It was for ſome wiſe end,
To us it is unknown,
Why Jeſus took your lovely ſon,
Altho' he was his own.

Methinks in ſilence he does ſpeak,
His voice is to us all,
Bids us prepare our Judge to meet,
Be ready when he calls,

If your peace with God is made,
Happy will be the hour,
We may meet our Judge, be not afraid
Of his extenſive power.

That blooming flower your lovely bud,
From us has took a flight,
We truſt he's now praiſing his God,
There cloathed in raiment white.

Pity his parents dear,
Sanctify the rod,
Jeſus to thee bring them near,
Oh waſh them in thy blood.

Jeſus with thee I leave this caſe,
With thy father now to plead,
Nor do I doubt thy father's grace,
He is a friend in time of need.

Oh! my God hear thy Son,
When he intercedes with thee,

He'll plead the merits of his own,
Oh set the mourners free.

Now fare you well my children dear,
Cleanse them O Lord from sin,
When to the throne of grace I go,
I'll remember them again.

True faith and confidence in Christ.

MY Friends I am happy now,
My saviour I embrace,
He's made my stuborn heart to bow,
And sing redeeming grace.

I care not for all the riches that you possess,
Nor any of your glittering attire.
Now I am leaning on Jesus Breast,
I have my heart's desire.

I view'd the heavenly mansions above,
My king he's on his throne,
He stooped to me with smiles of love,
He tells me I'm his own.

I view'd my saviour there,
At his Father's right hand he stands,
He told to me I was his heir,
And I belonged to his heavenly band.

It is through my Saviour's blood,
That I have grown so bold,
It's reconciled me to my God,
My joys they can't be told.

When I view'd the heavenly manſions above,
My heart did give a leap,
My ſoul was ſwimming away in love,
(Still) for my ſins I weep.

When my beſt friends and I did weep,
Our diſcourſe together was love,
While I'm a lying at his feet,
He tells me of the days above.

He ſhows to me the croſs,
Where he himſelf had died,
I beheld his bleeding hands and feet,
I viewed his wounded ſide.

My heart began to melt,
My eyes, they flowed with tears,
In my ſoul his dying love, I felt,
And 'tis driven away my fears.

He took me out of the mirey pit,
And ſat me on a rock,
He told me how he had paid my debt,
And it has given my ſoul a ſhock.

Faith, Charity and Hope.

Sometimes ſhe's in the valley,
And that I will not bear,
I fired at her a ralley,
And drive her away from there.

And when ſhe's on the mountain,
Soon I'll caſt her down,

For while she's there she loves,
The their she's nearer to the crown.

At this the prisoner said,
Alack a day and sad she,
My enemies said she,
No help is here for me.

This I am determined
A request to my king, I'll send,
He's able to relieve me,
And break my iron band.

At this she was rewarded,
And soon did she proceed,
Her request, it soon arrived,
And help she had with speed,

As soon as she beheld them,
She leaped for joy,
Saying these men she knew they
Both were there, 'twas faith and charity.

Of Polion faith demanded,
The captive again,
Showing him the warrant,
Received from the king.

As charity, by faith he stood,
To Polion he replied,
This warrant is sealed with
Blood it cannot be denied.

Old Polion soon retreated,
And unbelief did hide,
Faith took the prisoners hands,

The hand and fearful ſtep't aſide.

Faith took the captive by the hand,
And led her from Polion's ground,
Together they rejoiced,
To Canaan they were bound.

As they were walking,
Their talk it was love,
Aicribing all the honor,
To the powers above.

Together they united,
And ſung the victory,
Saying twa's our king Imanuel,
That ſet this priſoner free.

Confidence in God.

UNTO my God I made my moan,
He granted my requeſt,
Jeſus to me returned
In him I feel to reſt.

Thanks be to God my Saviour he,
I taſte his ſweeteſt love,
He bore my ſins on Calvary,
Now pleads for me above.

Jeſus to thee, I give my caſe,
With thy Father now to plead,
Nor do I doubt thy Father's grace,
He's a friend in time of need.

It is thy bleeding charms,

That now inamor's me,
Jesus clasp me in thy arms,
Oh! keep me near to thee.

It's thy bleeding veins,
That makes me now so bold,
Thy blood has purg'd away my stains,
New joy's to me unfolds.

With thee I feel to be,
In thy Father's family,
In thy Father's family I have a share,
The thanks I give to thee.

Faith, Charity, and Hope.

OLD unbelief he seized me, and dragged me along with him,
His countenance was frowning on me, he looked grim,
He told me I'd been treacherous and rebel'd against my king,
He would rake up all my character into the court he'd bring.

His witnesses were summoned while I stood trembling by,
Old Polion was his lawyer he has this case to try,
No friend had I around me to plead for my relief,
My heart was fill'd with sorrow and overcome with grief.

Poor fearful made the firſt ſpeech though tramb-
bling as he ſtood,
Saying Iv'e of't told this priſoner his religi-
on was not good,
When I foreſee her danger it made my heart
to bleed,
Often times I've couneled her never more
proceed.

Soon old unbelief his ſtory told which pleaſ'd
his lawyer well
He's often tho't thy priſoner her portion was
in hell,.
Her lamps they were not trim'd in them ſhe
has no oil,
I made her believe ſhe was deceived by ſatan
was begiled.

Iv'e laid my burden at thy feet,
On thee Iv'e caſt my cares,
Thy promiſes to me was ſweet,
When I was a pleading there.

No one can take this joy from me,
When Jeſus by my ſide,
While I'm in his company,
My enemy's have tried.

Satan you do your beſt,
Your warlike weapons try,
So I'm leaning on Jeſu's baeaſt
Your enmity I defy.

Saints with all your hearts rejoiced,

We are bound to canaan's land,
When we took our saviour for our choice,
We lifted in his hand.

Upon Christ and deliverance,
Though earthly friends against me turn,
Surely I'll not be grieved,
I know where I can make my mourn.
I here shall be received.

New trials begin to rise,
In haste I'll run to hire,
With a broken heart and watery eyes,
I'll beg and plead him :

I'll tell him of my trials here,
How I'm rejected,
And beg with patience, I might bear,
Trials when I am afflicted.

When I ask relief from friends below,
With me they soon grow weay,
And charging me of what I know
From my heart I am not guilty.

My friends above will be my Judges,
With him I am well pleas'd ;
In my breast his promise ledg'd,
Surely I'm not deceived.

When to this friend I make my mourn,
With bitter lementation,
He gives me balm for sound
Fittted to my condition.

He ſhows to me his wounded ſide,
Telling to me the glorious ſtory,
How for ſinners he had died,
To bring their ſouls to glory.

On the death of the widow Phebe Miller, compoſed on her death bed.

MY life's a ſhade, my days decline,
The Lord is life he'll raiſe my duſt,
Theſe truth's divine, I feel them mine,
Im a going to dwell amongſt the Juſt,
My peaceſull grace will keep my day,
Until I meet you all at the laſt day.

The time has been when I was loth to die,
Death has now became my choice,
Death is a conquered enemy
In God, my Saviour, I rejoice,
Thoſe gloomy doubts are gone from me,
My ſaviour's blood has ſet me free.

The pangs of death is all I dread,
Dear Savior, take the ſting away,
I'm not afraid for to be dead,
And leave this lump of clay,
Oh ! may I rejoice on a dying bed,
Free joy will take away this dread.

Farewell my children dear,
I know you all are near my heart,
The time is now a drawing near ;
That you and I muſt ſurely part,

I hope to meet you all above,
Where we ſhall ſing redeeming love.

Brothers and ſiſters fare you well,
I'm now agoing to die,
I feel ſubmitted to God's will,
I truſt my name is written on high,
I truſt my ſins are all forgiven,
I hope to rain with you in Heav'n.

Be nigh to them in trials here,
This world is not their home,
Fill their ſouls with love and fear,
In them let murmuring have no room;
Father and mother, they'll have none,
Be nigh to them when I am gone.

Lord give me patience here,
To wait untill my time is come,
Patiently my pains to bear,
Then may I go rejoicing home,
Through the ſhades of death be nigh to me,
My God, my truſt is all thee.

Come welcome death your warront's read,
I'm prepar'd to die,
Come welcome angels with ſpeed come,
Convey my ſoul to God on high,
Come welcome ſaviour viſit me,
Come fit my ſoul at liberty,

Back ſliders' Return.

My deareſt friend my lovely ſaviour,

I want a visit now from thee,
I'm sorry for my past behaviour,
I want a visit from thee.

I'm sorry for my past behaviour,
That I so oft have strayed from thee,
Let thy blood be appli'd,
Nothing else can stain, cleanse my sins.

Since for sinners thou hast died,
I'll pleed thy bleeding veins,
'Tis through thy salvation I ask salvation,
Jesus I believe thee to be our door.

I hope and trust with expectation,
To reign with thee forever more,
Do not suffer me to be deceived,
My God my trust is all in thee.

If I have not in thee believed,
O Lord make it known to me,
Search my heart in every corner,
Make me know how vile I be.

Jesus to thee I'll give the honor.
Jesus the thanks belong to thee.

Christians Victory.

MY God my Saviour here I be,
Drinking at thy fountain free,
There is no less than when I began,
Here is enough for every one.

Jeſus bring to thy children dear,
That we may drink together there ;
Theſe living ſtreams, can never dry,
Come Chriſtians, drink your full ſupply.

Soon ye ſhall reach that bliſsful ſhore,
Where we ſhall never thirſt more,
There be cloath'd, in raiments white,
In us our ſaviour will take delight.

W'ell make the heavenly arches ring,
When we are brought before our king,
With ſaints and angels join above,
There we'll ſing redeeming love.

Angels above, and we believe,
We'll ſing his praiſe as well as you,
Our ſongs, will yours exceed,
It was for you Jeſus did bleed.

Above your notes our ſongs will ſwell,
'Twas Jeſus ſav'd our ſouls from hell,
Jeſus bought us with his blood
Now reconcile our ſouls to God.

QUITE a mericile of my daughter in the town of Sunderland in the ſtate of Maſſachuſetts, the wife of Joſeph Tuttle, ſhe was ſick about one year. At the expiration of her firſt ſickneſs, the doctor had given her over, and the nurses removed her by the uſe of ſheets, to make her bed, for ſome days before her recovery.

For three days she eat only the yolk of one egg—she was an anatomy to appearance. Her friends were often weeping around her bed expecting every moment to be her last.

The day before her recovery, the doctor said it was as much impossible to raise her, as it would one from the dead. The night following she dreamed a dream; it was that a sort of wine would cure her, it was immediately brought to her, and she drank it. The next morning she awoke and called to her husband to get up and make a fire—he arose immediately, but thought she was out of her head; but soon he found to the contrary; quickly she arose up on end in the bed (said the Lord has helped both body and soul) and dressed herself. She then asked for the Psalm book and turned to the 30th psalm. 2d part (readers look for yourselves) and again she mentioned the 116th first part. Soon after the same morning she went to the house of her father-in-law, (which was about ten rods) and back again on her feet her eyes and countenance appeared lively and bright as ever it was in her past life. It was on Thursday following, she went to meeting which was a mile and a half. On the first singing she offered them the 116th psalm first part. The minister preached an excellent sermon but her exhortation was said to exceed the minister's sermon and on the last singing she turned to the 116th psalm 2d part. After meeting re-

turned home and after she regained her strength she went about her usual labour, which she moderately followed one or two years, when she was taken down again she grew uneasy and went to her fathers in Gilsum in New-Hampshire, and there staid some months; at the same time I had another daughter sick with the consumption and died. My other daughter grew uneasy and I carried her back again, where she staid part of one summer and she was discontented. and I went after her and got her to Montague to landlord S——, I took her out of the carriage and set her in a chair and she instantly died. I immediately got a coffin made and then carried her home.

My friends when you read this journal remember your unfortunate friend Solomon Mack, who worried and toiled until an old age, to try to lay up treasures in this world, but the Lord would not suffer me to have it, but now I trust I have treasures laid up that no man can take away, but by the goodness of God through the blood of a bleeding Saviour.

Although I am a poor cripple unable to walk much, or even to mount or dismount my horse I hope to serve my God by his assistance to divine acceptance, that I may at last leap for joy to see his face and hold him fast in my embrace.

JESUS is mine and I am his,
In union we are joined;
Oh! how sweet to me it is,
To feel my Saviour mine.

My friends, for you I long,
That you might happy be;
I long to hear you sing the song,
Jesus has died for me.

HOW short and fleeting are my days,
And chiefly spent in sinful ways,
O may those few which now remain,
Be spent eternal life to gain.

I'm passing through this vale of tears,
Beneath the weight of numerous years,
My body maimed, what have I done,
Beneath the light of yonder sun,

The bloom of life I spent in vain,
Some earthly treasures to obtain,
But earthly treasures took their flight,
For which I laboured day and night.

I've ranged the fields of battle o'er,
Midst dying groans and cannon's roar,
Whilst death surrounded all the plain,
I'm spared amidst the thousands slain.

I've been preserved by sea and land,
By the Almighty's gracious hand,

For cauſes then unknown to me,
Which, ſince, I truſt, I'm brought to ſee.

I hope through grace that God has given,
I'm led to ſeek a place in heaven,
Where ſin and pain ſhall never come,
I hope to find a peaceful home.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

In the year 1755, I enlisted under Capt. Harris and went to Fort Edwards; there was a large army come from South Bay (now called Skeensborough) upon a scouting party of our men, at Half.way Brook: there was a scouting party of the enemy attacked our men, and Kenricks horie was shot under him and he was killed; when they heard the guns, Gen Lyman and Col. Johnson had not a log put up. The enemy fought seven miles and killed them all the way; when they got there the breast-work was finished, This battle lasted all day; many were killed on both sides; the remainder of the enemy went back to half-way brook (being seven miles) and refreshed themselves upon their spoil. Then a party of New-Hampshire troops come upon them and killed a great number of them.

I was married in the year 1759, instead of 21—same page, instead of 1754—1759. Then I went to Crown Point and kept a Suttler's shop 27 years. In the year 1757, a large army

came frnm Quebe, and took Fort William Henry. The French guarded the priſoners fourteen miles. The blood thirſty Indians kept breaking in upon the guard and killing them all the way.

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